UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Truth and Freedom

By HENRY R. MUSSEY

A True Daughter of Russia

By ALINA HUEBSCH

New Ideals and New Creations

By HARI GOVIND GOVIL

The Quantity and Quality of Human Life

By HENRY W. PINKHAM

VOLUME XC NUMBER 2

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1922 NUMBER 2

Mr. Holmes, who went to Europe on June 15th last, has returned to New York, and will resume with the next issue of this paper his regular editorial work for UNITY. During his travels abroad, Mr. Holmes visited eleven countries, including England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia. In all of these countries, he enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying political, economic and social conditions, met and conferred with many important men and found his way to intimate contact with certain of the most pressing problems of the hour. The battle-fields and reconstruction areas of France, the occupied territories in Germany, Berlin and Vienna, Geneva and the League of Nations, and especially the three weeks' trip into Soviet Russia, were the chief points of interest in a summer crowded with exciting experiences. The materials of fact and opinion, gathered in these travels, will be used generously in Mr. Holmes's editorials and articles in UNITY during this coming winter.

Truth and Freedom

There is no slavery like the slavery of an idea. The slaves of classical days sometimes revolted and slew their masters. American Negro slaves occasionally fled to freedom in Canada. But for the slave of an idea there is no freedom. Let him take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; yet in his swift flight all unknowing he bears his master on his back, and as he sinks down to rest, his tyrant stirs himself and drives him on with whip and scorpion.

As with a man, so with a people. Time out of mind, oppressed nations have thrown off a foreign yoke. In our own land a precious tradition of freedom has grown up about the Pilgrim and the Quaker and the Catholic and the Jew, fleeing from repression to liberty of worship after their own fashion, though it were liberty in a wilderness. But for a people in bondage to an idea there is no release while the idea survives, no matter how false it be. Let them rest under the spell of fear or of glory, for example, and they will go on so long as that spell shall last, chained to the chariot wheels of the god of war.

False ideas do not come from nowhere, and it is a fascinating study to trace the origin of the myriad untrue notions that have held man captive during the long millenniums that he has been toiling his way up from apehood. But many dangerous falsehoods have acquired a new authority today, and vastly wider possibilities for mischief. The immense power of the modern state and the new enginery for shaping opinion make it possible for a few men of wrong ideas to wield a sway that would put Alexander's to shame. And always today, behind every custom and institution and idea, no matter how false or evil, there lurks a "scientist" ready to give to the accursed thing the blessing of the god of truth. It is not that he is dishonest. The danger is far more subtle. It is that by careless or biased collection and examination of evidence, by unsound reasoning, incorrect inference, or false analogy, the support of science—impersonal, exact, remorseless science—may be given to false ideas, and even the elect may be thereby seduced. We are in danger from the expert and the pseudo-expert alike. One need only recall how the worst abominations of the early factory system were defended by the best of Englishmen (in entire good faith) in the name of the "truths" of classical political economy. The whole history of nineteenth-century social reform is scattered with like instances.

And now the natural scientists are taking their turn. Intoxicated by their discoveries concerning the well-nigh absolute character of heredity, and rushing into the field of human affairs, of which they know nothing, certain narrow and dogmatic biologists have tried to make of man simply a human animal, subject to no higher laws than other animals. And their work, honest, and well-intentioned enough, but utterly ignorant, is seized upon by the protagonists of ancient error to place insuperable obstacles in the way of the human family painfully making its way up toward God.

No better example could be found than the biological defense of war. All other excuses stripped away, its moral nakedness exposed, its economic unprofitableness, except to small favored classes, laid bare, the defenders of the abomination of desolation retreat to their impregnable biological stronghold. Healthy peoples on limited areas, they point out, with the in-

evitable increase of their numbers unavoidably burst their boundaries. Hence by ineluctable necessity, in the future as in the past, expansion and at last war. And always some biologist stands by to give their doctrine the blessing of Darwin.

But this theory has now been conclusively disproved in its application to past and future alike. In his fundamental (and monumental) book on "The Population Problem" Mr. A. M. Carr-Saunders has put the whole matter in a new light, showing incidentally that strictly speaking over-population is not in any sense a cause of war. From the very beginning of social organization, he points out, when the benefits of co-operation began to appear, men have lived in definite relations with fixed land areas. Each Australian clan, for instance, like each American Indian tribe, had its own recognized hunting grounds. Given the state of the arts and the habits of the people, there would be for each group a certain optimum number that would make the returns per head the largest possible. The group must be neither too large nor too small.

The heart of Mr. Carr-Saunders' work consists in his demonstration, based on an enormous mass of anthropological and historical evidence, that in every part of the world and at all periods of human existence, so far as the evidence gives indication, an approximation to such optimum numbers has been brought about, not by causes incidentally reducing fertility or increasing elimination (war, famine and high infant mortality being in the latter group), but by the adoption of customs and practices directly designed to keep numbers at the desirable level. It is shown by a wide-sweeping historical review that under normal conditions men have always and everywhere practised infanticide, abortion, abstention from intercourse, celibacy, postponement of marriage, or contraconceptive measures in order to maintain the optimum numbers, and that they have, save under exceptional or temporary circumstances, attained that end. The particular means varies with the stages of progress, but the result is always the same.

Further, contrary to our common notion, population has remained practically stationary over all parts of the earth throughout all human history. The startling increase in western countries during the past hundred and fifty years has occurred as a result of the phenomenal advance in methods of production, which required greater population density—that is, increased the optimum numbers. New methods demanded more people. Sometimes political oppression or other influence causing depression or discouragement has temporarily caused over-population, and plague or disaster has at times occasioned under-population, but ordinarily the effort to maintain the standard of living, whatever it be, has kept numbers at the optimum point. The notion that numbers swell until a people overfill their country and burst its bounds in migration or war is clearly shown to be historically false and logically untenable. Population growth is intimately connected with war, but only because men are slaves of wrong ideas, of late reinforced by false science.

To quote Mr. Carr-Saunders:

> It has nevertheless to be allowed that, when war breaks out, the position as regards population may form an element in the situation—just as the passions which have been aroused may do so though they cannot be regarded as the cause of modern war. Let us consider the late war. Broadly speaking in all European countries increase in population was in response to economic requirements. Yet there were what we have called minor fluctuations away from the desirable economic density. France and Germany represented two opposite tendencies—towards under- and over-population respectively. These relatively slight differences were greatly exaggerated in popular opinion owing to the attention paid to the birth-rate. The Germans were thinking and talking of expansion whereas the French were stay-at-home people. The Germans looked across the frontier and thought they saw a half-empty country which they could well develop with their "surplus" population, while the French thought they saw a teeming population ready to burst its bonds and overwhelm them. Again, as between England and Germany it appeared to many Germans that, while Germany had little or no opportunity of expansion, Great Britain had owing to her overseas dominions ample opportunity. But increase is governed by the conditions within a country, and the fact that emigration from Great Britain to Greater Britain was possible did not enter into the situation as regards the control of increase in Great Britain; very many people in this country, however, as well as in Germany, if they did not actually think that it did so, at least held opinions which were in fact founded upon this supposition. Thus, though in actual fact England broadly speaking restricted her population as did Germany in accordance with the economic situation within the country, yet the position of England with reference to Greater Britain had an influence upon the situation, and many Germans thought that unless there was an outlet for "surplus population" Germany would eventually be over-populated, whereas the fact is that, as we have seen, so long as conditions remain healthy in a country, over-population does not arise.

What then of war?

> War, in fact, gradually becomes a custom. That this is now essentially the nature of war needs no proof. It is obviously at the present day a mode of action whereby the highly organized governments of modern nations try to achieve some political end. . . . It is within the power of mankind to renounce this mode of action. There is nothing in the nature of man or of social organization which renders war inevitable.

Yet so long as men hold false ideas concerning population and human relations, so long will the slaves of those ideas be led into war by those who have a selfish or mistaken interest in that mode of action.

The moral is clear enough, with reference not only to war, but to all other lines of social action. It is not that we should distrust science; quite the contrary, for as shown in the instance just given, it is genuine science that frees us from the slavery of false ideas, and there is no freedom but in action in accordance with truth. But when the teachings of "science" are invoked in opposition to the yearnings of the human heart for a better state of relations among men, to the imperious demands of the spirit for a kinder and more friendly ordering of human affairs, then the statesman, the prophet and the common man alike will do well to assert not only their right, but their imperative duty, to demand that "science" show its credentials, to prove all things and hold fast only that which is good. Above all, they will beware of the expert out of his depth, and will not regard a knowledge

of certain algae as an adequate certificate of competence in social philosophy. And the man of genuine religion will move serenely on in quiet confidence that the progressive revelation of genuine science will be in harmony with an enlightened moral sense because he believes in the unity of God's universe. In the progressive apprehension and application of scientifically ascertained truth concerning man's place in that universe, he will see the road to freedom.

HENRY R. MUSSEY.

Across the Pacific

Editorial Correspondence.

I have been greatly interested in Mr. Sastri's (of India) visit to Australia. Mrs. Besant also has been here beating up the bush for the theosophists, but, I think, primarily, to tie the Empire more closely together, as to its parts, Australia and India. But Mr. Sastri has been the chief actor, and he has done it to perfection, although at times I fancy that all his play is a piece of comic opera. That is, I have an idea that when he started from home, he was assured that he would get what he was going for; the authorities here themselves knew it, but there had to be a lot of courting to satisfy the public.

He came to gain for Indians *in* Australia (one or two thousand of them) the same treatment that is accorded people coming from European nations. He is just now going to New Zealand—after having been in Australia a month—thence to Canada on a tour of triumph, as I predict it will be; and maybe next, he will tackle Africa, where there are many thousands of Indians, and the situation more acute.

He is an unusual man, having, as you know, been India's representative at the Washington Conference, and at the Imperial conferences previously. He speaks for the Indian government. He has been going up and down Australia, speaking two or three times a day, in churches, schools, universities, parliaments, before clubs of all kinds, trade unions, etc. The Occident for once has been compelled to sit up and listen. The "colored man" is getting an ovation in "White Australia."

He has been saying everywhere that India expects to respect the "White Australia" policy, but contends that all Indians within Australia should be treated "white." He is playing the part beautifully, but I have no doubt that the official mind has already made up its mind to grant what he is asking for. Governments being so divine must keep their faces. The government here cannot do otherwise than grant Mr. Sastri's request, for he is speaking for a United India, and India is in a position and a mood to make her requests demands. Mr. Sastri never fails to remind the audience that he wishes India to be a dominion within the Empire, but he never fails to suggest that it will not be easy to accomplish this, "if—etc., etc."

Several times Mr. Sastri has been asked about Mr. Gandhi. He always praises him for his saintly character and adds that politically he is mistaken. I feel certain however that Mr. Sastri is conscious that Mr. Gandhi has a tremendous following in India, and the world; and that his errand to Australia would fail, if back of his words were not a United India, made so by the policy of non-violence and non-co-operation under the leadership of Mr. Gandhi. And Mr. Gandhi is in prison!

Mr. Sastri acts like a man—the press is reporting him generously—who was having a picnic; like a boy who was allowed to poke up the lion, who is in a cage. For example, in speaking to a thousand college boys—Scotch College in Melbourne—in order to describe in what esteem men of high university learning were held, he remarked, that they were esteemed as greatly as a man of great athletic attainments in Australia; a remark which led to "loud laughter," and to a pleasant apology from the head of the school that some of his pupils had been "caught thinking." Evidently the Orient hasn't finished with the Occident, and some several hundred years hence, where will the balance of power be?

I received a letter recently, that I wish some good friend would forward to Mr. Gary, or to some of his acquaintances on the Steel Corporation directorate.

Dear Sir:

It has been reported that in a certain part of the United States of America, the workmen were working seven days a week. As I hardly credit such a deplorable state of affairs I am writing direct to you to ascertain. Hoping you will think not me impertinent, etc.

You know that I was compelled to write back that many thousands of workmen in America are compelled to toil not only seven days a week, but twelve hours a day. Every mention I have made of this "deplorable state" has brought forth the kind of a gasp that follows on the announcement of cannibalism in Russia. This fact is doing America much damage, especially among a people who have universally the eight-hour day, and the six-day week, with a Saturday half-holiday. Do you recall Bishop McConnell's remark, that the one thing the students in China wanted to hear about was, "Tell us about the steel strike." The injury done America (I am speaking as a patriot) by such horrible labor conditions cannot be offset by ten times the profits reaped by the Steel Corporations.

But America is receiving some splendid and free advertising from her fight for prohibition. You remember once how it was Kansas. For thirty years Kansas was portrayed on the bill-boards and in the press, because of prohibition. This was pictured as the "horrible example," and again as the "land of milk and honey" where jails were empty and corn-cribs full. America is being advertised in this way. Everybody is either for her or against prohibition—but, in either case, America gets advertised.

Within a fortnight I have heard two lecturers—one, J. H. Lear Caton, head of the Rechabite Order of the World; the other, Mr. Gordon, head of the Anti-Liquor League of Victoria—and both lauded America to the skies. One lecture was illustrated with lantern slides, from Seattle to Boston and New York to San

Francisco—big buildings such as factories, hotels, residences, school-houses, etc. I puffed up with pride as the big audience toured the land of Prohibition. Further, both of these lectures will be repeated scores of times—and every time to large crowds, the goodness and greatness of our Republic will be rehearsed. It pays to advertise, and it pays to do something worth advertising. American prohibition is in the public thought, the world over. America is being watched. It would be a pity to disappoint the world, wouldn't it? If for no other reason, it is to be hoped that having once put her hand to the plough, she will not turn back.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Joy of Life

VII.

Man, who wert once a despot and a slave,
A dupe and a deceiver, a decay,
A traveller from the cradle to the grave
Through the dim night of this immortal day:
. . . . . .

This is the day, which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep;
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

There is more than lyrical charm in these lines from Shelley; there is a philosophy, a subtle philosophy of life. The freedom from conventionalities, from the limitations of man created and man imposed institutions; the freedom that permits a man to be his own noblest self, to champion, not through compulsion the norms which custom dictates, but rather to choose and foster his own life-values, to live for those virtues which bring to him the greatest amount of happiness—this is the philosophy pregnant in the musical lines of that youthful rebel who one century ago died in ignominy, but whose works to-day are receiving the praise which their art deserves.

It takes a nation which has lost its dogmatism to appreciate Shelley's passionate desire for freedom, his war cry of liberty; it takes a nation which no longer says, "of course, certainly," but rather "maybe so, perhaps," a nation which has learned that all truth seems relative and dependent for its validity upon the precise nature of the organic or inorganic structure with which it deals. A skeptical nation can appreciate Shelley—a nation which has learned the futility of absolutes, and realizes that new tenets for the development of human society are brought into being by just such ardent independent and reckless geniuses as we have exemplified in this English poet who was inspired by the French Revolution. A nation which buys thousands of copies of Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes" can appreciate him, for in Shelley we have an ennobled, heroic Mark Sabre, we have the author of the "Ode to the West Wind,"

If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

yet one who, unlike Sabre, died without seeing spring.

We may well question whether a society built on Shelley's one principle of complete emancipation from all bonds of government, religion, morals and customs could stand unless humanity possessed in a degree equal to Shelley, those cardinal virtues of love, pity and brotherly co-operation. But such a question is not pertinent. Shelley was a mutation, and whether his philosophy ever did, does, or ever will possess pragmatic value, the nation that can appreciate that philosophy possesses ability to soar like his skylark:

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

for such appreciation shows freedom from institutional dogmas, the knowledge of the necessity of change if civilization is to advance, and the willingness

To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates

in order that the future social order may be

Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

ALL NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

Come! let us live as brothers,
All nations of the earth,—
Each joining with all others
Bring age-long dreams to birth!
Men's minds shall then life's Good pursue,
And love have scope it never knew.

The call to high behaviour
Comes oft from lives low down;
Full many an eager saviour
Hid in some Nazareth-town,
With Peace on earth and Dawn on brow
Would soar to heights undreamed of now.

Forsaking Hate's old rigor
That thirsts to maim and kill,
The youth of hope and vigor
Might fruitful forests till,
Rear sculptured art in scenic towers,
Charm deserts into fields of flowers.

Rare avenues up mountains,
To wooded lure and lake,
With cool refreshing fountains
Where toil its ease should take,
Might furnish fainting souls with rest,
And calm like visions of the blest.

Instead of screams of dying
And shrieks where carnage reigns;
Instead of children crying
For food a beast disdains,—
With Peace hosannas would arise
From happy earth to happy skies.

O Nations! speed the cable
Through oceans, earth around,—
"No more shall war disable,
But earth be holy ground!"
Then age shall bless, each child have mirth,
And Good revivify the earth.

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

A True Daughter of Russia

She is a bright, gay child. Her residence is a roomy old-fashioned mansion not far from the royal palace in Pavlovsk. She lives with her beloved granny, an adorable, greyhaired French governess, an old toothless valet, a maid, a fat cook and a host of other less prominent personages.

Everyone tries to make her happy. The kind German doctor comes every week to inquire about her health. The good fat cook prepares special dishes for her. Twice daily the maid brings a freshly ironed white frock, twice she goes to see her dear Grandmother. She has lots of toys, sweets, dresses, hats, a big dog and a Siberian kitten—everything that a little girl could desire. Often she takes a ride with her Granny or the governess or the valet, in a huge, old-fashioned carriage of "Mother Catherine's"[1] time. She plays in the lovely shady park with little dukes and duchesses. She is a sturdy, golden-haired, loved-by-everyone cherub in a paradise. Sometimes Grandmother has a reception. The men of state, the highest officials of the church, old grand-dukes come to see her, the respected widow of a once powerful minister. Not seldom the little girl is called for a while into the sitting room. There she receives her first lessons in society manners.

One gloomy morning, late in the fall of 1894, the Grandmother, all in black, appears in the nursery. She speaks in a dry, strange voice: "My darling, our Emperor[2] has passed away, father and master of all of us, our Czar is dead..Let us pray for his soul." The Grandmother and the little girl, the governess and the maid all kneel before the family icons in a silent prayer. The child understands but little, but she sees the grief of her beloved Granny. She sees tears in her eyes, she notices the sad faces of the governess and the maid and she is deeply touched. They are all so quiet, so peculiar today. They beg her not to be noisy. She sits motionless in a corner. She feels as if a great sorrow was out-stretching its wings all over her nursery, her Granny's house, the royal palace and farther, farther, all over Russia. "Is it not terrible when the Czar and master of all dies?" She, the little patriot, cannot control herself and bursts into tears.

She grows, she studies, she has numerous tutors and instructors. She reads and thinks.

Granny and she are now living in St. Petersburg. Tomorrow she is going to see the Empress. She, an ordinary plain girl, is going to be presented to the Czarina of all Russia. She feels excited and elevated by the very thought. She can hardly sleep. Early in the morning she watches her old governess and the maid preparing a set of new dainty linen. Her eyes delight in the immaculately clean mass of lace and fine batiste, in snow-white shoes of exquisite shape and a charming white dress. "You should be as a bride, as a Catholic girl when she goes for her first communion," sings the voice of the grandmother. The coiffeur arranges her pretty long hair. The maid buttons carefully each hook on her corsage. The governess hands her a tiny lacy handkerchief. At last, she is ready. She prays fervently before the icon and blushingly comes to receive the benediction from her grandmother. She feels that something solemn and wonderful is going to happen today. Grandmother is silent and paler than usual. In spite of her evident calm and perfect self-possession she is nervous. The faithful old valet helps them into the same familiar old carriage which they brought with them from Pavlovsk. At last they reach the Winter Palace. This page of her life is certainly a page from a fairy tale, this glowing radiance of numberless glasses, crystal chandeliers, glittering diamonds and gold, gorgeous furniture. Lovely young faces are around her, all with the same expectation, all with tense nerves. She is quivering with excitement. Apparently long waiting and sudden silence, noiseless movement among the brilliant crowd and amid all the splendors of the reception hall, as in a magic dream, she sees the Empress. Her limbs tremble as she bends deeply in a respectful bow. She kisses reverently a narrow, pale hand and hears a kind murmur which seems like unearthly music. Czarina smiles graciously at pretty young girlish faces which encircle her like a garland of most beautiful, rare orchids. Czarina speaks to the ladies. Czarina is well pleased. She feels overwhelmed. The Empress spoke to her! Her heart melts in gratitude, her soul overflows with the sense of love and loyalty to Empress and dynasty. She knows she is consecrated. From now on she must live and work like a true daughter of her country, like a faithful servant of her Majesty. She is in a rapture with the sweet sense of duty.

She is a young woman now. She attends the University. She studies so fervently that she loses the sight of one eye. She makes a special study of history. The grandmother died. She has her fortune, her own house, her machine. Her beloved four brothers live with her. She still keeps her old French governess and the maid. She sees lots of people, Russians and foreigners. The young duchess is her nearest friend. She is welcomed in the house of a grand-duke, poet and savant, lover of art. The brilliant secretary of the Dowager Empress proposes to her. She refuses. She does not love him. There are other suitors but she does not care. She feels independent, is clever, educated, successful. The turmoil of society life, the happy family relations, useful social work make her life like a festival. Then comes the dark cloud of 1914 and the Great War.

She is given entirely to war work. Her time belongs to the Union of the Cities, relief organizations for the soldiers at the front, to the Red Cross. Her friends introduce her to the grand work done by the Committee headed by the Dowager Empress. All receptions, dinners, parties, theatre-going is stopped and countless thousands are given for the relief work. She is absorbed by the feverish activities of the gigantic enterprise. There is no day or night for her. She is ready any minute to receive a train coming from the front with hundreds of wounded, she equips hospitals and ambulances, mobilizes armies of women for war work, organizes work rooms for sewing hospital linens. She is in charge of her Majesty's own supply houses and in the hard and exhausting work finds strength to bear the terrific wound, that fire of the war that by and by burns in her soul. Her three brothers one after the other perish in the battlefield. One day the Empress calls her and a few other ladies to lunch with her in the palace. She is unusually sad. The Empress notic-

[1]Catherine II, Empress of Russia.
[2]Alexander III.

ing it asks for the reason. "Your Majesty—I am waiting for the time when mothers will start to protest and stop sending their boys to the front." The Empress sadly smiles and quietly answers: "My child, do not be embittered." The ladies of the court and the guests feel uneasy. It is unpardonable to speak this way to her Majesty. But she is truthful. She realizes already that war is an absurd, immense, material and moral waste.

1917..As a thirsty lioness leaps into the water she throws herself into the tumult of the awakened people of Russia. The revolution is in full swing. It revises, it alters, it destroys, it creates. All day long and late into the night she stays with the crowd. The old governess and the faithful maid beg her on their knees not to go, they are horrified. The bullets are flying in the air. But she does not listen. She must go. Yes, she must know what the people think, what they say, what they are going to do. Her little beloved brother, he is only fourteen, clings to her. He will never leave her, they will go together. So, enchanted by the very presence of the crowd, intoxicated and absorbed in all its happenings they lead for days a strange and peculiarly exciting existence. They do not feel hunger or fatigue. Their brains and hearts are burning as they wander from one meeting to the other and at the dawn at last reach their home. She continues her relief work when the wave of sabotage appears. She is elected to the congress of working women. She makes speeches. In the whirlpool of the revolution she is twice held in prison. She is relieved as the judges become sure of her complete innocence and sincere sympathy with the working masses.

At work in the Red Cross quarters. A party of Finnish refugees arrives. Like a sturdy, able to help sister she rushes from the office and goes downstairs to meet them. She welcomes them, she stretches out her hand. But what is it? The tired and ragged crowd shrink from her. She sees terror, panic on their faces. She does not speak Finnish and cannot make herself understood. "Interpretor! What is the matter?" He answers: "They are afraid of you.... They say, a few days ago in Finland ladies like you stuck the ends of umbrellas into their very eyes."..... She blushes deep red. With all the self-control which she had acquired from her grandmother, she calmly returns to her office. But what an uproar there is in the depth of her heart! Bitter contempt, disgust, fiery indignation are choking her. Her face is burning from shame and heavy tears of anger are mixed with the tears of her shame. Never in her life had she felt so debased, so degraded, never! With hatred she feels the enormous gap between her and those monstrous women of her class.

A conference of the Petrograd Soviet in what was formerly the Winter Palace, now the Palace of Labor. She is again in the same brilliant hall. But what a difference in it all! A thick impenetrable crowd of ill clad workers, unshaven, dust covered soldiers from the front, sunburned sailors, factory girls with weary faces. The air is extremely bad. The crowd is exceptionally dense. All are patiently waiting. Trotsky is going to speak. She hastens into an interior hall of the palace, drags from there an exquisite gilded chair, places it in the closest possible way to the speaker and jumps on it. A sailor with a torn uniform, unwashed, unshaven, with an ecstasy on his dark face climbs on her chair. His dirty boots soil the light pink satin. He also wants to hear, to see. She helps him simply as a child helps a child and they both stand on the soft silk cushion of the chair, a strange group—she with her queenly posture and aristocratic profile and he, a haggard looking sailor with the eyes of a martyr, both breathless, both absorbed and enchanted by the wondrous harmony of the magic voice of the powerful speaker.

At work in her office. A sharp telephone call. She answers. A painful expression distorts her face. "I am going to the front." She recognizes the childish voice of her little brother. Desperately she tries to dissuade. "I must go to help others. . . . Do not try to find me. I am leaving Petrograd at once." She drops the receiver. For a moment she does not hear or see anything. So, this one, the last one, is also gone! Deadly pale she hurriedly locks her papers and rushes away to find him, to beg him, to hug him....From one station to another, from one of the numberless barracks to the other she hopelessly wanders exhausted, orphaned once more.

She is at the Soviet Service. Every morning at the same early hour she is up in her cold and shabby room. She puts on the remnants of her dainty underwear, she binds her frost bitten legs in long strips of an old sheet and slips them into high boots made of an old man's overcoat. Then comes the dress, the last and eloquent reminder of former days. She drinks her cereal coffee without milk and often without sugar. She eats her portion of black rye bread and takes another dry slice for lunch in the commisariat.[3] Before she leaves for day work she often goes to the closet, takes from there an old serviette, or a pillow-case, or a skirt and giving it to the cousin who keeps the house, asks her to change it for flour, or grain, and prepare something for the supper. All her jewelry, furs, fine linen were sold in this way. Her modest flat is far away from the Commisariat, the cars are too often over-crowded so she is obliged to walk through the snowy and muddy streets in bitter cold or dusty heat of the summer. But now it is easier to live. Now at least one may sell things and buy food right in the city. She remembers well 1918 when she used to go far into the country, travel day and night in a frightfully dusty car in order to get a bag of frozen potatoes and then drag it through the city on her aching swollen shoulders. Then she had all her brothers at the front. She was waiting anxiously for the news, longing for a meeting. Now she knows they will never come back. Her old friends have disappeared, some were shot, some died from privation and sorrow, some fled away to foreign countries. She is half blind, lonely, dignified and proud. She is certain that her convictions are right. So every grey morning, through the endless streets of Petrograd she passes to her Commisariat. She stays all day in her heavy coat in its large unheated rooms. She writes in coarse, woolen gloves and her swollen frost-bitten fingers hardly obey. It is hard to live. Sometimes more than human effort is needed but she feels liberated and sees the great dawn that is dim yet for many. Her flaming soul overflows with a sense of love and duty to a far greater cause than devotion to empress, dynasty or native country,—her heart beats for the freedom of humanity. ALINA HUEBSCH.

Petrograd, June 3, 1922.

[3]The office of the people's Commisar.

New Ideals and New Creations

New Ideals and New Creations are the watchwords of to-day for those who would be in tune with the universal spirit that is at work in the world, transforming men and nations, and bringing forth new births. It is the part of the prophet to condemn the wrong and to hold up the ideal of the right. Mahatma Gandhi has spoken of the "Satanic" civilization of the West; Rabindranath Tagore has said that "the soul of the West is famished and her social life wounded to the quick"; now comes M. Paul Richard —admittedly one of the great thinkers of to-day— who declares that there must be brought back to earth a healthy equilibrium of mind and body, that the dignity of labor shall be asserted. "No one," he says, "has any right to share the bread of others if he does not share the burdens." Tolstoy expressed the same thought; so too, Ruskin and Thoreau; Gautama Budda preached it; Jesus of Nazareth made it the central idea of his gospel. The Mahatma to-day— like Jesus in his time—utters condemnation of a wicked generation, which knows all the externals and little or nothing about the way of salvation. Many listen, some hear, but few understand,—and yet Gandhi's thought has been the crux of all the great religions of the world and his words have been the rallying cry of all the prophets. They are summed up in the phrase, "Love to God and love to Man."

There is not love to man in this era—there is the most cruel exploitation of man. The two cannot go together. Monsieur Richard looks forward to the time when there shall be "no more plant and factory —the gloomy smoky and dirty cities with their struggle and strife, their worm-like agglomerations of sad and down-trodden human beings—the time when all the powers and forces of nature shall be largely distributed in every home, cottage and villa." Mahatma Gandhi says that in the Charkha is the secret of the future. The critics say that this is a repression towards the past. This is true in a way; but it is a repression towards a new start, towards new progress, rectifying and redressing the curved and crooked line of deadly modern industrialism. It is not an end in itself, but a step towards the more life-giving and efficient forms of a spiritualized industry. Gandhi's is a warning cry to a world obsessed with a mistaken admiration for the things that should count least but that apparently mean everything! Professor T. L. Vaswami, who perhaps after Gandhi best expresses the ideals of the Non-co-operation movement in India (the movement that is furthering Gandhi's program for a better world) speaks of the masses of India who have not the "comfort-civilization" of the cities. The Mahatma speaks as he does in condemnation of the "material civilization of the West" because he is aware that the masses all over the world have not this comfort-civilization that has been the portion of most of his critics, —both of the East and the West. Gandhi visualizes a humanity that shall be fitted for "the great to-morrow"—the to-morrow of that newer and higher civilization, which—because of its long background of religious and philosophical culture—the East has visualized better than the West. Kipling declared that the East and the West could never meet; others have said that they have already met; Gandhi says—

> The East and the West can only really meet when the West has thrown overboard modern civilization, almost in its entirety. They can seemingly meet when the East has adopted modern civilization, *but that meeting would be an armed truce.*

Dr. Tagore sees the West as beginning to have doubts about the feasibility of "clinging to the wreck called 'civilization,' now rapidly rushing towards annihilation—but with a habit of mind which prevents it from leaving the doomed ship." (The strenuous critics of the letter which embodied Gandhi's arraignment of Western civilization exemplify this habit of mind, it seems to me.) At the same time Dr. Tagore sees some of his own people "getting ready to jump into the stream and swim across to the sinking ship to fight for a place in a corner." The words of the Mahatma, of Monsieur Richard, of Professor Vaswami, of the Poet, should be understood as warnings—to the East to steer clear of the wreck, rather than to attempt to board it,—and to the West to leave the ship while there is yet time. If their words fall short of convincing us that by abandoning our inventive gains we shall be saved, they have at least uncovered a tremendous problem—as the editor of the *Christian Register* has pointed out—the problem of having brought about the unequal development of things which make for our carnal ease and the things which make for our spiritual power. What have we in this letter of the great Indian leader, asks the editor of the *Register*.

> What but a universal gospel, a plan of living and a vision of life that rise above and make us forget nations and their differences, above races and their isolations and hatreds, above the things of matter and comfort to the things of spirit and mastery—to unity, to brotherhood, to a simple, beautiful, mighty stock giving its body, its mind, and its soul to the joy of life, to the wisdom, the peace, and the progress of the one family of mankind.

As this writer sees it, there are people eager to read of this unique leader—this "strange man"—and to treat him with growing veneration; and he adds "It is not the first time that a word spoken from a prison has gone round the world!"

In order that the civilization of the future may have a real chance of growing in an atmosphere congenial to it, shall not Mahatma Gandhi's demonstration of the right path be welcomed, and his emphasis on the needed simplification of the machinery of living, his limitation of the needs of humanity, even his restrictions in regard to modern inventions, be recognized as supremely essential conditions of the coming era? Every civilization in the history of man has reached a certain point after which there has been one possibility only for it—and that, absolute relapse into semi-darkness in order that the newer and better civilization may have opportunity to develop. Worlds must be prepared for the ways of God—the ways of God which are always the unexpected ones. Be this as it may, there are signs that there is an awakening everywhere, in every land and among all peoples. This awakening will undoubtedly lead to social chaos —this chaos to new creation, and this creation to a great future. "Fight for this future," says Paul Richard, "but not with the weapons of the past. Fight

with that only which the new spirit is hammering, tempering in you..... It is the battle, not of human armies, but of world forces—that of the past and that of the future, that of the below and that of the beyond: a battle of the things that were and shall be no more, and those which are not yet but have to be."

Gandhi of India has given to mankind the first part of the economic program for the civilization that is to be. It is a program (predicated on non-violence and love) which the world needs for the transitional stage, to be modified and enlarged as mankind is ready for the new ideals and new creations—ready for the succeeding steps which God shall will, to the end that man shall awake in the glory of a new morn.

HARI GOVIND GOVIL.

The Quantity and Quality of Human Life

I.

While war passion rages, moral discernment is dim. The time has now come when the ethics of war may be examined calmly. The relation between the quantity and the quality of human life is fundamental in the inquiry.

War is the deliberate killing of men by fellow-men. A great Russian sociologist defined it as "collective homicide." An eminent American calls it the "deliberate, organized killing of one group of human beings by another group of human beings." Such definitions ignore the question of justification, and fix attention on the reality. But wholesale killing requires justification. A strong presumption against it may be found in the laws and moral standards of every people, indeed in human instinct. That every war involves more or less injury and loss needs no proof, but that in a particular war there will also be resulting benefits that may reasonably be expected to overbalance the inevitable damage must be shown in order to justify that war. The maximum of benefit should be sought, with the minimum of corpses.

A distinguished professor in a divinity school said in 1917, in a private letter, that the issue was the quantity of human life versus the quality: the war to defeat Germany would reduce the quantity of human life but would improve, or at least prevent the threatened deterioration of, the quality of the life that would remain and that the future would produce.

If it be granted that the quality of human life may be improved, or at least safeguarded, by a certain reduction of the quantity of human life through war, the question remains, How great a sacrifice in quantity may advantageously be made? Evidently there is a limit. For if collective homicide should continue until the human race be annihilated, there would be no human life of quality either high or low. There must remain some life in which the qualitative improvement—if such there be, as a result of a certain amount of slaughter—may manifest itself, and from which future generations may spring.

A monument in honor of the soldiers who died in the Civil War bears the inscription, "They died that the country might live." Suppose that every one of the inhabitants of a country should die that it might live. In that case the country would not live. A country lives in its living people. Suppose nine-tenths of a people die for their country. Unquestionably it would be relatively a poor sort of country that would survive so great a loss in the quantity of its human life. How about a loss of one-half the population in a war for righteous ends? Or one-quarter? There is certainly a limit somewhere to exceed which, in the expectation that there will be a net advantage through the improved quality of the life surviving, is unreasonable. What is that limit?

Is it a variable limit, determined in each case by the importance and dignity of the objects sought in the particular war? For example, would the lofty aim to make the world safe for democracy justify the sacrifice of, say, one-third of our country's population, if necessary to secure military victory, while the relatively uninspiring purpose to compel the Mexican Government to reduce taxation of Mexican land and products owned by a few American citizens would justify the sacrifice of no more than, say, one-tenth of our population?

The limit once established beyond which the quantity of human life cannot be reduced in a given war with any reasonable expectation that there will be compensating improvement in the quality of the life that will remain and that the future will bring forth, it is extremely desirable to know by what means a guaranty may be secured that such limit will not be exceeded in the excitement inseparable from the enterprise of collective homicide. An esteemed minister, author of one of the sermons in the excellent volume entitled "The Soul of America in Time of War," said in the summer of 1917, "Better that every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth should perish than that Germany should be triumphant!"

Here are two questions, then, for the ethically minded to consider: first, What is the limit to the destruction of human life in war which it is unreasonable to exceed? and second, War once started, how can it be stopped when that limit is reached?

II.

During our late war Christian ministers, with negligible exceptions, advocated the whole-hearted support of our government in its enterprise of collective homicide. Certain ministers at the same time warned against hatred of the enemy. "Kill them, but on no account hate them," was substantially their exhortation.

A quotation from a book that had great influence in removing the conscientious scruples which at first troubled many Christians regarding war, "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," may serve as an illustration. The author, a very popular professor and preacher, referred to Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate," quoted a similar passionate outburst by a French writer, and proceeded: "If that mood prevails, and in the settlement of the war is dominant, then the war is all sheer waste, a mad expenditure of blood and tears and treasure, with nothing to show for it save graves and poverty and broken hearts and bitter rancor and a world grown worse, not better. For our own sakes and for the world's sake, though we fight we must not hate. We are Christians. We know when we think of it that had we been born in Germany, there is not one chance in a million that we would be doing other than the Germans do.....*We must win the war.* But

we must keep ourselves unembittered; we must fight all bitter policies in our government; our good will must be unvarying and strong."

On the other hand, hatred had no lack of powerful advocates. It was praised as an emotion indispensable to the winning of the war. The *Atlantic Monthly* published a notable article on "The Duty of Hate" by a distinguished leader in the Society for Ethical Culture. Our government carried on a propaganda of hatred in promoting the sale of its war-bonds. A member of Congress reported after a visit to France that our government kept men there for the purpose of sending home tales of German atrocity, men who invented such tales if they did not secure them otherwise, and expressed the opinion that while such a method of keeping up the morale of the home population might be proper in time of war, it ought to have stopped at the signing of the armistice, but in fact it continued for months thereafter!

Is hatred desirable and commendable in time of war? The question has not been adequately discussed. In the New Testament hatred is condemned and the reason is clearly given: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." In the Sermon on the Mount anger is brought under the commandment that forbids murder. Evidently anger and hatred are denounced because they are potential murder. He who yields to an impulse of anger, who permits himself to hate, should beware: he has started on a path that leads to the killing of a fellow-man. This is why hatred should be avoided: it leads to killing. That killing is, in itself considered, regrettable, appears to be assumed in the New Testament.

But if and when there arises a condition in which it is necessary, indeed indispensable to the preservation of supremely precious values, to engage vigorously in the slaughter of fellow-men, why, in such a condition, should the hatred of those whom it is necessary to kill be deprecated? Unquestionably hatred leads to, hatred promotes, the killing of those against whom it is directed. Of course if the killing is going to result in loss and injury, the hatred that furthers it is properly condemned for that very reason. But if, on the contrary, as in the condition supposed, the killing of fellow-men is the means, and the sole means available, of warding off immeasurable calamity and of bringing nearer the realization of that ideal which Christians are wont to call the Kingdom of God, then why should not a properly directed hatred be regarded as desirable while that condition lasts? Can those who in the name of righteousness advocate the slaughter of fellow-men by machine-guns, poison-gas, and starvation blockades consistently protest against the hatred of those whom they think it necessary to kill?

An Hibernian tale seems pertinent. It is related that a son of Erin was met by a highwayman who said, "Your money or your life!" "Take my life, then," was the reply, "for I need my money for my old age."

Like money, love and hatred have no meaning for corpses. The supreme fact in war is the changing by deliberate, organized effort of living men, women, and children into corpses. The killing is the overwhelming reality of the business, for the dead cannot be brought back to life. The motives and emotions of those who do the killing are of moment chiefly as they affect the amount of the killing. In the supposed situation a certain amount of killing must be done in order to establish the Kingdom of God. Is the objection to hatred in time of war, on the part of the preacher-author who has been quoted and his ilk, that hatred may lead to somewhat more killing than the promotion of God's Kingdom really requires? The inquiry brings us back to the questions already propounded as to the quantity of human life that may advantageously be destroyed in furthering noble ideals —where to fix the limit, and how to guarantee that the slaughter shall cease when that limit is reached.

Brookline, Mass. HENRY W. PINKHAM.

THE STUDY TABLE

From Many Lands

The articles by "Historicus" originally published in *The Freeman* have been collected and published in a small volume under the title of "The Myth of a Guilty Nation."[1] They demonstrate that the German Government was not solely guilty of bringing on the great war. There is an important practical end in establishing this point. The treaty of Versailles was based upon the assumption that Germany and Germany only was responsible. If that assumption is false, the treaty is unjust and must inevitably break down. Mr. Nock draws largely upon the writings of E. D. Morel and Francis Neilson but the material comes originally from official and semi-official sources. His examination is thorough; we have already said he makes a demonstration. It would be strange if he did not. Anyone, who thinks at all, knows that the German Emperor through years maintained the peace of Europe, although there were many occasions when he might have precipitated war with reason to expect success. Mr. Nock shows that for several years before the war Germany was reducing her naval expenditures, while England, France and Russia were increasing theirs and all were actually spending more than Germany. In 1914, during the period preceding the war, Germany and Austria spent £92,000,000 on their armies, while England, France, and Russia, spent £142,000,000. In the very year of the war Germany was exporting grain; were she plotting war, she would have husbanded every bushel. Our author shows that every nation of consequence in the war was preparing for the struggle. Following the intricate maze of European diplomatic engagements, he shows that a veritable train of powder had been laid. The Sarajevo incident was the spark that set it off, but any other incident would have served the same end, when those interested in a war were ready. It is significant that the murder did not take place until two months after the Russian minister of war had printed an article—"Russia is ready: France must be ready." Admission of facts will be slow. We have so persistently assumed that Germany was ready to pounce upon an unsuspecting world, we have so vociferously talked of making the world a decent place to live in, we have so wickedly played with words, we have so savagely fanned race

[1] "The Myth of a Guilty Nation." Albert J. Nock. New York: 1922. B. W. Huebsch. 16mo; pp. 114.

hatred, that the facts are unwelcome. But the world begins to see that the Versailles treaty is a failure. It is even safe to talk of modification or abrogation. It is a failure; it must be modified or abrogated; for one reason and one reason only—that it is based upon the assumption of a single guilty nation. That myth must be recognized and admitted before any real progress is possible.

In a little book,[2] Prof. Bender of Princeton University, gives a clear summary of the present status of the long and much disputed question as to the original home of the Indo-Europeans. The old idea that the centre from which the Indo-European or Aryan languages spread was in the high plains of Iran or some other part of central Asia may be considered as definitely abandoned. In recent discussions stress is laid upon the fact that these languages fall into two groups—the *satem* and the *centum* groups. These are named from the word used for *hundred* in these languages, illustrated by Latin *centum* and Avestan *satem*. The languages of the former group are Western and (with the exception of one minor language) European; those of the latter lie to the East and are chiefly Asiatic. Both groups are unquestionably derived from a single parent language. "It is reasonable therefore to look for the prehistoric home of the Indo-Europeans near the geographical centre of their later linguistic distribution and to hope to find there great conservatism of type." This centre is undoubtedly in the plains of eastern central Europe and, as a matter of fact, we find there the most conservative forms of the language family. Lithuanian is certainly near the parent form and the land of Lithuania is near to, if it is not actually, the original home.

"A Central American Journey,"[3] by Roger W. Babson, is one in the *Interamerican Geographical Readers*. It is the fairly told story of an American family which goes to Central America to live. To reach Guatemala City, they travel by way of the Panama Canal and then through Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador. They reached the Guatemalan capital just in time to experience the frightful earthquake of 1917, which left the city a total wreck. The five Central American republics are considered primarily from the point of view of trade and opportunity. The book gives much information and is abundantly illustrated with attractive pictures.

We have from time to time called attention to the writings of Dr. Diego Carbonell, rector of the University of the Andes, Merida, Venezuela. Dr. Carbonell is a man of scientific training, a physician and biologist of unusual independence in thought and expression. After a successful work at the University of the Andes, he has been appointed Minister of Venezuela to Brazil, where his latest book has been printed. It bears the title *"Juicios Historicos"* (Historical Judgments)[4] and is a contribution to the philosophy of history. In a preliminary chapter he sketches the history of study in this line and examines its legitimacy and methods. He shows how Darwin, Lelut, Taine, Littré, Renán and Nordau have laid foundations. He shows that in the writing of true biography every source of influence must be investigated. To properly depict and judge the actor in historical drama—inheritance, goegraphy, zeitgeist, opportunity, physiology, pathology must all be given due weight. With this preliminary Carbonell has examined some of the great names of history from the viewpoint of physiology and psychiatry. His *"Psichopathologie de Bolivar,"* printed in Paris in 1916 caused a furor and drew out a flood of abusive attacks from loyal Venezuelans, who felt that an analysis of "the Liberator" was an assault and detraction. In the book before us, our author examines the writings of various Latin-American authors, as Juan Vicente Gonzales, Carlos Pereyra and Zorrilla de Martin. He applies analysis of character to them and judges their works by definite criteria. He insists upon the psysopathy, not only of the hero described but of the writer. His study of the Venezuelan, Juan Vicente Gonzales, is a serious investigation of his entire work, showing how it was affected by these various elements. In his examination of the Mexican, Pereyra, he severely criticizes a number of his statements, which he discusses in detail. As for the great Uruguayan, Zorrilla de Martin, he finds much good in his panegyric of Artigas, but claims an equal recognition for Paez, the Venezuelan. Though severe, Carbonell's judgments (*juicios*) seem discriminating and fair.

The little book, *"Los Conquistadores"*[5] (The Conquerors), by the Cuban, Emilio Gaspar Rodriguez, bears neither date of publication nor date of issue. The essays of which it is composed were written in Habana in 1917 and in Holland in 1919. The author is a stylist and is permeated with the spirit of Cervantes. We Americans are too little inclined to see any truly deep significance in "Don Quixote": most of us in fact think of it as a humorous production—at most as a caricature of the extremes of chivalry. Spanish readers look upon it far differently. All see in it a deep philosophy, some find it filled with a subtle hidden meaning applicable to all the problems of life. Our author is of those who glorify the work. For him it is not merely an attack on individuals who at that time played their parts in Spanish politics—it is a system of philosophy, an enunciation of fundamental principles adapted to all times and places. The essay on "The Conquerors," which gives the book its title, examines the bases of their fame and finds them false and illusory. "Cervantes and the Sixteenth Century" is a study of the significance of "Don Quixote." "Marti" is a tribute to Cuba's greatest hero. "America" is an investigation of problems and opportunities, with special reference to the place of the press as an influence. There is not one of these essays, however varied their matter may seem, but what is flavored and influenced by the Cervantes idea.

FREDERICK STARR.

[2] "The Home of the Indo-Europeans." Harold H. Bender. Princeton: 1922. Princeton University Press. 16mo; pp. 59.

[3] "A Central American Journey." Roger W. Babson. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1921. World Book Co. 16mo; pp. ix, 219.

[4] "Juicios Historicos." Diego Carbonell. Rio de Janeiro: 1921. 16mo; pp. 205 (ii).

[5] "Los Conquistadores" (Heroes y Sofistas). Emilio Gaspar Rodriguez. 16mo; pp. 128.

Making a War

SHALL IT BE AGAIN? By John Kenneth Turner, author of "Barbarous Mexico." New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.50.

Sir Philip Gibbs has written "Now It Can Be Told," and "More That Must Be Told"; but there is still more, and Mr. Turner essays to tell us still more, chiefly from the American point of view, in this fact-crammed book.

Herbert Spencer, in a pregnant phrase once said:

> There is a principle which is a barrier against all information, and which will keep a man in everlasting ignorance. That principle is contempt prior to investigation.

If a man is imbued with this principle in regard to the last great war, he had better not open this book. Nowhere, alas, do we find more of this spirit than in its relation to the origin of wars, the causes of particular wars, or the means by which a nation took the final plunge, and the methods by which the war was propagated.

When a war is "on," it is almost a hopeless task to find men who can discuss it rationally. As well try to reason with an infuriated bull or the Twentieth Century Limited. Reason flies out of the window along with some other valuable human assets. We are all assured that the enemy has not one virtue left, and that we have not one vice in our midst.

Now, happily we are a little calmer. The pendulum swings again in the direction of sanity, and Mr. Turner assumes, with not undue optimism, I trust, that we are willing to look at a few things, to ask again Peterkin's plaintive question:

> Now tell us all about the war,
> And what they killed each other for.

The book is dedicated to "The lads who will come under the next draft," half evidence to the author's mind, it would seem, that "it" will be again; but, at the same time, if this book with its bristling array of facts could be placed in the hands of those who were in the last draft, and in the hands of those whom Herman Hagedorn calls, "The Hope of the World," then there might be some hope of a negative to his question.

Mr. Turner says America voted for peace, America wanted peace, but America went to war. How did it happen? Why did it happen? Who made it happen? Shall it be again? Surely every man who loves America will want to investigate these things from every standpoint.

This book is not the work of a pacifist. It does not go into the ethics of war, its rightness or wrongness as such; but it deals primarily with America's relation to the war. It has no word of depreciation of any man who fought in the war, either willingly or compulsorily.

The book is divided into five general sections under the titles: (1) Democracy and Getting into War; (2) Democracy and the Conduct of War; (3) Our War "Causes"; (4) Our "Objectives"; (5) Our War and Business. We might find these topics provoking enough; but they are mild compared with some of the chapter headings, for the style is clarity itself.

There may be places here and there perhaps where one may feel disposed to question some of Mr. Turner's inferences or generalizations; but the personal equation cannot be eliminated in any book, and this writer in his deadly earnestness is no exception to that rule.

For the most part it deals with facts, documentary evidence, statistics, authentic quotations, which, if they are incorrect can easily be refuted. If they are true, as I have no reason to doubt, then the best thing is to take the medicine like a man, and order one's life better in future.

According to Mr. Turner's findings the American people did not want war; they re-elected Mr. Wilson to keep them out. On Feb. 26, 1917, he said: "The American people do not desire it." On Jan. 31, he had said: "There is no man in America who has the authority to bring on war without the consent of the people." On April 2 there was no evidence that the sentiment of the masses had changed, no new issue had arisen. Evidence for this is seen in the fact that for his *casus belli* the president had to refer to the German proclamation of Jan. 31 (unrestricted submarine warfare). With regard to the draft Mr. Wilson said: "It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is rather a selection from a nation that has volunteered in arms." Against that must be placed the fact that out of the first draft 50.62 put in formal claims for exemption, more than a quarter of a million failed to appear, and even by the date of the armistice only 393,931 had volunteered.

As to America being in danger from invasion at any time, Mr. Wilson's own words are again final. In fact Mr. Wilson's speeches, extracts from which appear in deadly opposition to each other on the same subject in the appendix, are illuminating. The idea of danger was war propaganda pure and simple, used to cow the people who, like all people in all lands, are not consulted or told the real facts about war. In other words, wars must be waged by the autocratic method, whether they be "to end war" or "to make the world safe for democracy."

Four causes are assigned for America's entering the war: Protection of American Commerce; preservation of American lives; championship of international law; maintenance of American honor. These are submitted to a merciless analysis, and found to be wanting. "Other intolerable wrongs," to use a phrase of Mr. Wilson's, include "spies, pro-German propaganda, bomb plots, conspiracies with Mexico and Japan"; but allowing a measure of truth in the first three, Mr. Turner cannot see that they call for the expenditure of 100,000 American lives, and a similar number driven insane.

Some good historical work is done when we come to "scraps of paper" and "atrocities," with the result that no modern country, not excepting Belgium, is found to have a monopoly of virtue in these matters.

The alleged causes of the war having been disposed of, and the after-thought objectives shown to be only such, the writer turns to what he feels are the fundamental causes. There is no mere assertion on his part either here or anywhere else. The announcement of the news, "war declared," in Wall Street was accepted with immense satisfaction, the mammoth profits of big business (told in detail), the fact that 21,000 new millionaires were created, that 69,000 men made more than $3,000,000,000 over and above their normal income, that J. P. Morgan, Jr., made more money in two years than Morgan, Sr., had done in the whole of his life; all these stories such as that of Hog Island

ship building fame, point to the fact that, for some, war for democracy was a very lucrative business. If it really was a war for democracy, why should not wealth as well as life be rigorously conscripted? And whether readers agree with all Mr. Turner's dictums or no, few will question his statement that:

It is obvious that no American who possessed more money at the end of the war than at the beginning can be said to have contributed one penny to it;

and—

That if every man conscripted for the trenches had been paid $20 per day for his services, he would still not have been treated relatively so well as the possessors of America's largest fortunes.

In brief, it was either a war for business or for non-business motives. We ask today where are the results of the war? Are they in the business section or in the realm of ideals? We leave the settlement of this to the readers of this book. We trust they will be numerous, serious, opendminded, and that whether Mr. Turner is always and everywhere right or no, they will find him so overpoweringly right in essentials that they will resolve "It shall not be again"; and further, that no mere glee over the indictments urged against Mr. Wilson indulged in by party politicians will keep them from the more serious matter of facing the facts. H. J. ADLARD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sanity and Civilization

August 20, 1922.

To the Editor:

When lawyers wish to unhorse an opponent they seriously call into question his sanity. With little offense an attack of this kind puts the opponent at a serious disadvantage because his points are never fairly met.

A case of this kind appeared in the pages of UNITY some time ago. In speaking of Gandhi and modern India, Charles W. Wendte fails entirely to answer the question raised by Mahatma Gandhi. Mr. Wendte refers to an Associated Press dispatch based on a letter written by the great Indian leader in which he says, "There is no impassable barrier between East and West. There is no such thing as Western or European civilization, but there is a modern civilization, which is purely material."

Here is a challenge and an excellent topic for debate. Unfortunately Mr. Wendte avoids this statement in his comments and dwells much on "present effectiveness" of modern civilization. Is it not possible that the Oriental mind cannot now see that "effectiveness." The protest against readily accepting present effectiveness was the soul of the prophetic utterances of Amos and Jeremiah, of Isaiah and Micah. Going back to the simple life is not an entirely strange doctrine among priests and poets, scholars and scientists.

Certain it is that the prophets of Liberal Religion and Democratic New England Society followed in the spirit of the agricultural prophets of the profoundly spiritual period of Israel. If one word could sum up the genius of New England culture it would be the word "growth." But that growth was agricultural and spiritual. The day of the great transformation of New England was the advent of present effectiveness in the form of the machine and the joint stock company. The sons of New England went on growing but it was a material growth and is the symbol of its decadence today. Henry Adams could find no education here.

Ralph Adams Cramm would carry us back to the mediæval period for salvation from death in materialism's glorious shroud. Dean Inge's sanity may be in question but he and a host of others see plainly that there is something rotten and it is not in the State of Denmark. Nor is it in what we term modern civilization but in our way of thinking about progress.

When New England turned from the simplicity of her rural life and became the key-stone of the factory system a terrible price was paid. First these glorious descendants of old England begat the desk mind. The independence of character so fitting to the rural worker became the spinning grub that shuts itself in with its large fortune. The strength of character so noble, so true, so god-like, names roll off the tongue so readily: Emerson, Thoreau, Parker, Lowell and Walt Whitman, each had the right to Mr. Wendte's title—rural "reactionary."

So Mr. Wendte calls Mahatma Gandhi reactionary when he voices what has been the spirit of prophecy for ages. "There was true wisdom in the sages of old having regulated society as to limit the material condition of the people; the rude plow of perhaps 5,000 years ago is the plow of the husbandman today. Therein lies salvation. People live long under such conditions, in comparative peace much greater than Europe has enjoyed after having taken up modern activity." If it is reaction it is a wholesome one. Man seems by nature not to be suited to dwell too far from the faithful mother of us all, Earth. The first religious festivals, the greatest inspired utterances, the art of Egypt and Greece were all deeply marked with earth and the eternal mystery of growing life.

Once catch this spirit as of old and the world will turn pacifist. Those who advocated "reasonable pacifism" during the war must have found it difficult to see that this position is a compromise between Gandhi and the German Kaiser. Kill but do not kill too much. German ruthlessness is the last word in institutionalism and modern activity. Witness the number of cases where men and women and children are killed by automobile drivers who speed away giving no aid to their victims. Men and women who do such deeds are not less thoughtful than most of us human beings, they are caught in the grip of the machine against which Mahatma Gandhi protests.

Life to a pacifist is a sacred growing thing, a thing of spirit and flesh. Life to a militarist is locked in vaults stocks and bonds, possibilities in oil and coal fields and all these need their protection.

One of the curious things about modern thinking is the assumption that forty story buildings and painless surgery and automobiles are signs of progress. When thoughtful people assume the direction of progress to be material by offering such evidence they are still in the theological backwash. False premise is the chief sin of theology—and mediævalism.

Mr. Wendte has this to say of modern progress: "Either it must be forward, or it must stagger backward and die. For India to shut out the light of modern intercourse, knowledge, science, culture, invention, trade and international friendship and to become a nation of peasants only, scratching the earth with a stick and toiling wearily at the hand-loom, is to become estranged from the other peoples of the earth, to awaken their contempt and cupidity, and to fall at last a victim of her own oppressors, in state and church or to powerful and unscrupulous neighbors." Here he drives the last nail into the coffin of modern civilization with his own hands. He is in effect saying, modern civilization grows by what it feeds upon, no weak, but spiritual peasant nation like that for which Tolstoy prayed and worked so long can endure beside this bigot of materialism. The world cannot be half material and half spiritual, it cannot be half simple and half complex. Death to this uncorrupted peasantry!

Progress is a thing of the spirit, it is being and not having. This I take it is the message of Mahatma Gandhi. Observing the spiritual deadness of England and America with churches closing up almost as fast as new automobiles are put upon the market, how are we going to convert the erring Gandhi? Would it not be proper, if our missionary spirit has not all departed, to try to convert this "reactionary"? Let all thus minded be warned lest this man who has tasted of modern civilization in London point to the vast destruction of churches in that city. Thirteen of Sir Christopher Wren's noble structures are in the list. Yes, we may point to ease in living and ease in sinning, with tuberculosis cures and syphilis cures but the great Indian saint may shame us as did Jesus of old by asking "Modern Civilization" (that wise physician), to first cure its soul sickness.

ARTHUR B. HEEB.

THE FIELD

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Dec. 1—S. Perlman. "Historical Causes of Proletarian Dictatorship in Russia."

Associate Professor of Economics, University of Wisconsin.

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Program from January 5th to March 30th has equally interesting subjects by such well known lecturers as John Haynes Holmes, Prof. Edward Steiner, James Harvey Robinson, Miss Julia Lathrop, Professor Schevill and Major Moton.

Detailed announcements will be mailed before the holidays.

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TOWER HILL.

On Sunday, October 1st, the historic spot of Tower Hill, Wisconsin, for many years the summer home of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and made memorable to many by the summer school and congresses of which he was the leader, will be dedicated as a State Park, it having been turned over as a gift to the State. The following program has been arranged:

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Introductory Address—Miss Lutie E. Stearns, Chairman.

Historical Sketch of Tower Hill—Prof. Joseph Schafer, Secretary Wisconsin State Historical Society.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones' Influence Upon the State, Nation and All Humanity—Miss Zona Gale, Portage.

Presentation of Tower Hill for Acceptance by the State—Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Formal Acceptance and Naming "The Jenkin Lloyd Jones State Park at Tower Hill," Governor John J. Blaine.

The Trust and Pledge of the Conservation Commission—Mr. C. L. Harrington, Madison.

For the Neighborhood—Mrs. Bridget Clancy.

Music—"America, the Beautiful"—Choir and Audience.

WORLD DISARMAMENT.

In this letter we bring forward for your consideration a suggestion concerning this most vital matter, and all that it involves for the welfare of mankind.

It is obvious that the peoples of the world pay the price of armaments and war in many ways, and that the price is a heavy one, even in time of "peace," when the next war is in preparation. We therefore suggest that the peoples should have an opportunity to state definitely whether they wish to retain this ancient system, and that the question should be put to them apart from any other political issue.

Let simultaneous referenda be held, after negotiations by international conference or otherwise, putting before the

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A Pleased Subscriber

Rev. John Haynes Holmes:

Am very much pleased that you printed Borah's speech on Russia, and the article: "A Bostonian in Germany," in UNITY recently.

Borah's recent Senate speech demanding a revision of the Versailles Treaty, if you printed it, would show your readers the cure for the malady so graphically described in the Bostonian's letter. Hope you may see fit to print that speech.

It is quite short, and would not take up a great amount of space.

Cordially yours,

S. EDWARD FRETZ.

P. S.—In Sydney Strong's article in UNITY of June 15, he uses the terms "Anglo-Saxon" and "American" as synonymous. Now I object to this misuse with every fibre in me. I am emphatically American, have been since 1654, but there is no Anglo-Saxon in me, neither is there, in 80 per cent of Americans. Calling us Anglo-Saxons is used so much by British propagandists in our midst, that I dislike seeing honest men innocently follow that false lead. It is a brazenly false term to use, and insulting to the great majority of us. S. E. F.

From Friends in India

Rev. J. H. Holmes,
Editor, the UNITY.

I just understand that you are publishing a newspaper called the UNITY. We Indians are watching your humanitarian work for the cause of Indians for which we are grateful to you.

All our members are now the victims of the bureaucracy and are now serving their sentences as well as our country. As all of our wealthy members are now in jail, we request you to help us with a free copy of your valuable paper the UNITY (the name of which attracts us very much) for a short period. Our finances, we hope, will be bettered within six months, and we will willingly pay for it.

Hoping you will oblige us,

Very sincerely,

S. GOPAL, *Chief Sec'y.*

The Mahathma Gandhi Sangam.

men and women of each state this or a similarly-worded question:

Are you willing that this (Republic, Kingdom, Duchy, Dominion, Commonwealth, Federation, or as the case may be) of ——— should disarm completely, on condition that the other states specified below do the same?

Here would follow the names of the other states, with a memorandum to the effect that each of them was putting the same question before its people at the same time.

In the event of a universal reply in the affirmative, governments could at once abolish all preparations for war. Should there be any negative answers, friendly persuasion could be brought to bear on the peoples so voting, with the object of inducing them to fall into line with the rest of the world.

Certain objections must be considered:

The Cost of Such Referenda. If each state paid for its own referendum, the cost would be fairly distributed, while, if the result were complete disarmament, the cost would very quickly be saved.

Peoples Undeveloped Politically, and *Turbulent Border Tribes.* If a people were not sufficiently developed to understand a referendum, they would not be likely to be a serious menace; it might be necessary for a time to have some kind of local police, under international control, to keep order.

We believe that the suggestion made in this letter is sound in principle, and should be adopted at the earliest possible moment, in the hope of thus ending the awful scourge of the war system by a decisive act on the part of the peoples of the world. It may be impossible for a time, but if it be eventually adopted, much preliminary thought and discussion will be necessary, and cannot begin too soon. We therefore bring it under your notice now, and, if your consideration be favorable, we would ask your advocacy of such referenda.

Yours respectfully,

ELEANOR M. MOORE,
Secretary
Australian Peace Alliance.
Melbourne, Australia.

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